

THE

Tyburn - Ghost:

OR,

The Strange DOWNFALL

OF THE

GALLOWS.

A most true RELATION

How the famous

TRIPLE-TREE

Neer PADDINGTON

Was on Tuesday-night last (the third of this instant
September) wonderfully pluckt up by the Roots,
and demolisht by certain EVIL-SPIRITS.

To which is added,

Squire Ketch's LAMENTATION
for the loss of his Shop, &c.

With Allowance.

LONDON: Printed for L.C. 1678.

THE

Tyburn-Ghost:

OR,

The Strange Downfall

OF THE

GALLOWES.

A MOST TRUE RELATION

OF THE

TRIP TO THE

NOCTURNAL VISIT

TO THE TOWER OF LONDON (the third of the instance
of the Ghost) as recorded by the Rev. Mr. R. L. S. in
his History of the Tower of London.

AND

To which is added,

Spence's Key to the LAMINATION

for the use of his shop, &c.

With Allowance.

LONDON: Printed for A. C. 1773.



THE
STRANGE DOWNFALL
OF THE
GALLOWS.

EXtraordinary Accidents are generally ushered in by wonderful Prodigies, and notice given of approaching Disasters, by fore-warning Presages, I could quote you a dozen or two of Authors, all as wise as my self for that business; but for farther Confirmation in our present Case, am assured by a great Artist, that can Conjure and make Almanacks; That the other Night by the help of a Telescope, and Ethiopian Spectacles, he plainly saw the little Dog star wag his Tail,
A 2

three times all at once, whence he did positively affirm, some great Action or Passion would ere long in some place or other, fall out in the World.

Behold now (for the Honor of Astrology) how exactly the Event has answered his Prediction? Have we not seen the greatest Mortality of Pigs, that any Age has known, have we not seen his High and Mightiness the Elephant in danger of his Life by an Insurrection of the admiring Crowd, so that he wanted another Castle, and more Guns on his Back, to defend himself from their Attacques. But above all, have we not heard of that Catastrophe, which Posterity shall talk off with as much wonder, as a Pedagogue when he tells of the Burning Diana's Temple at Ephesus.

That famous High Altar of Justice, Madam Astraea's Shrine, That Reverend Tripes that decided Mens Destinies, Aged Renowned Tyburn, is suddenly, strangely, unexpectedly blown up, plucked down, overturned, dismantled, demolisht, and brought to desolation, O Tempora, O Mores---

What

What a wicked Age do we live in; when even the Gallows is not safe from being Robb'd, When Tyburn it self is Ravish'd, after all the good Services it had performed for the Publick, All the good Offices done for particular Gentlemen; after his Protectoral Highness had Consecrated it with his rotten Bones, and depended thereon, as much as on Thurloe, after both Duval and the German Princess, with a thousand other persons of Notorious Quality, had there paid their last Pows, to be thus after all, overthrown in Huggermugger, and have its Honour laid in the dust, even with the scattered dust of them whom it had formerly vanquish'd, is a fate far different from what its merits might have challenged.

The means how it received this fatal overthrow, is as dubious as strange; some think, that being arrived at its grand Climacterick, like mighty over-grown States, it sunk under its own weight; others say it broke like many an honest Citizen, because it had too many Hangers on; some will

will needs have it to be a design of a Company of Quack-Doctors, to steal it away, make it into Powder, and sell it amongst the rest of their *Universal Medecines*, since it has so often had a *Probatum est*, for the *Cure of all Diseases*. But the most probable Opinion is, That it was ruined by certain Evil Spirits; Perhaps the Ghosts of some that had formerly suffered there; for if persons Killed, retain so great an Antipathy against their Murderers, that scarce a Physician dares come near his expired Patient, lest the Corpse should fall a Bleeding, and discover that which the more Courteous Grave uses to hide. We may imagine amongst so many *Rank-Riders* as have broken their Necks by *Falls* from this Skittish Three-leg'd Jade, some or other might resolve to be reveng'd on her.

Nay, it is reported, or may be for ought I know, That there was seen last Tuesday-evening a Spirit sitting on one of the Cross-beams with its Neck awry, making a strange noise like a Scritch-Owl; which

which 'tis supposed did afterwards demolish all the *venerable Fabrick*: But of this there is yet no *Affidavit* made, though 'tis certain the sight was extreamly surprizing to Travellers passing by the next morning, to behold its *scattered Members* lying on the ground, as if the Gallows it self had been *Hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd*.

The Tidings was quickly spread abroad, but when it arrived at Squire Ketch's Ear, 'twas thought at first he would have Truss'd up himself for grief, that he should thus lose his *Shop* just upon the *Nick* of Trading, and be disappointed of his next days Harvest, made him lose all Patience, and fill the Air with Exclamations against the villanous Authors of the Mischief.

But

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But we would not yet have
any that have occasion to
make use of such a Convenience, to
dispair, for we are informed,
there is a care taken for erect-
ing a *New Structure* more Com-
modious and Magnificent, of
which all persons that intend
to be Concern'd, are desired to
take notice, and declare their
Exceptions, if they shall
think it not made *firm and sub-
stantial enough* for their service.

P I N I S.

